HOLD ON TO YOUR HEAD—YOU MAY LAUGH IT OFF!

7d

SMASH!

No.7
19th. MAR. 1966.
EVERY THURSDAY

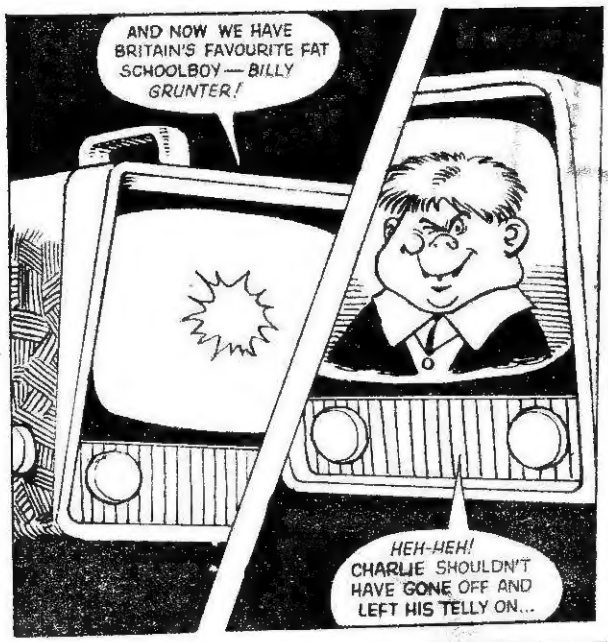
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

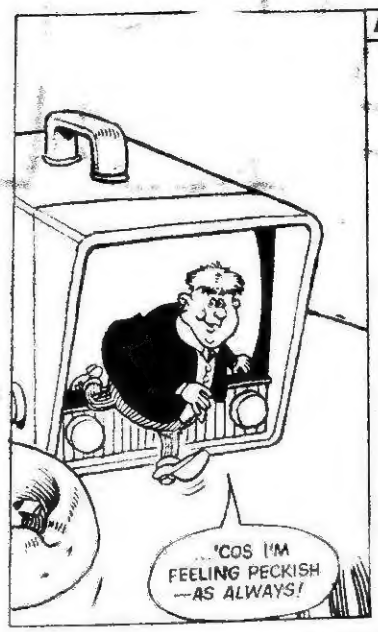
CAN YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.?

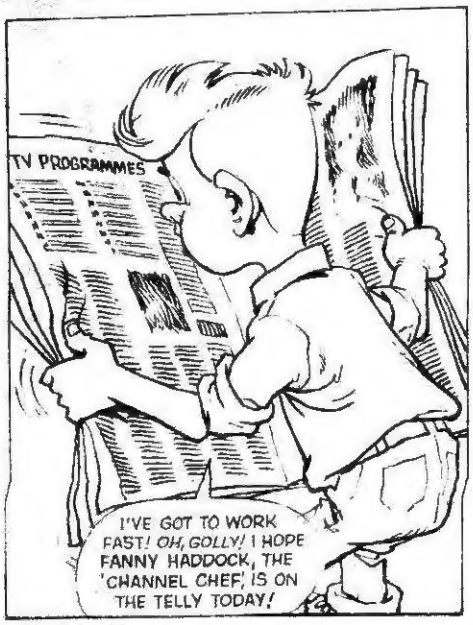
Our heroic agent has followed the villainous Dr. Doom to Africa. He loses the doctor, but finds trouble—*big* trouble. A charging rhino thunders down on him from one direction, and a horde of head-hunting savages from the other. Either he will be crushed—or boiled in a native cooking-pot, unless . . . Well, can you see how he can escape? The clues are in the picture, and, if you give up, the answer is on Mr Knowall's page.

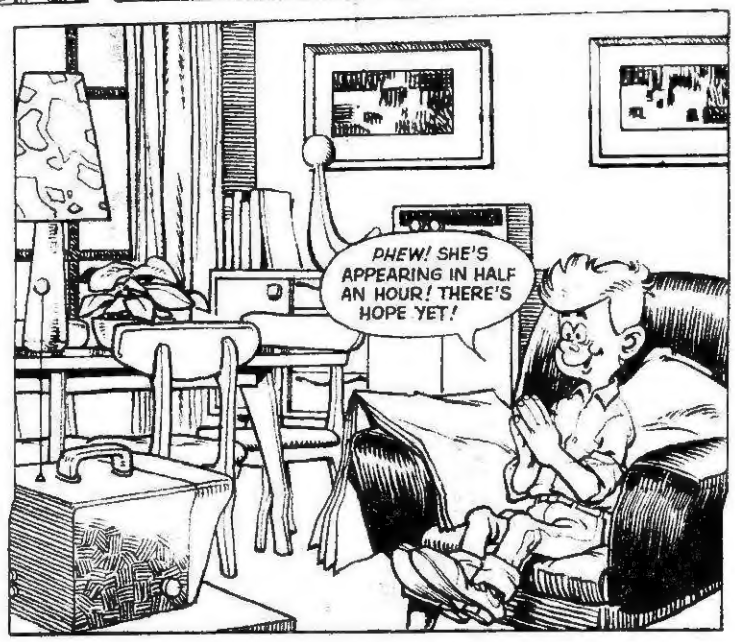
Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

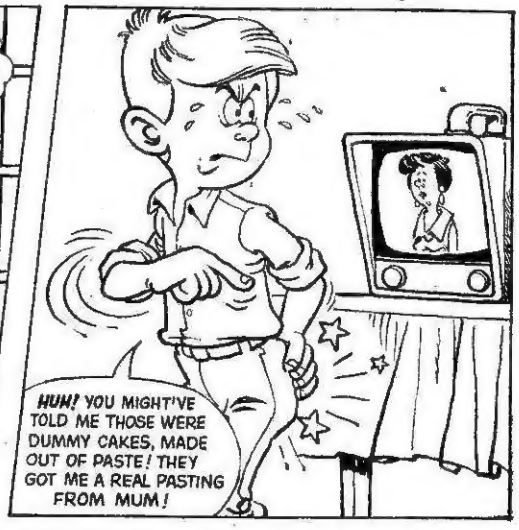


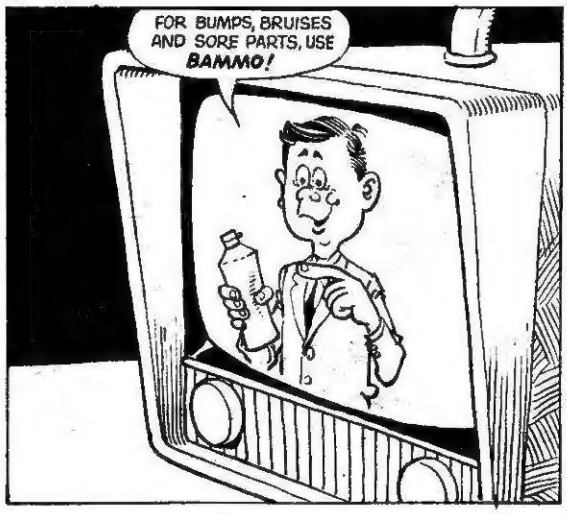






SPLOO
SPLUTTER
GASP
OH, NO! WHAT'S GONE WRONG!


HUM! YOU MIGHT'VE TOLD ME THOSE WERE DUMMY CAKES, MADE OUT OF PASTE! THEY GOT ME A REAL PASTING FROM MUM!

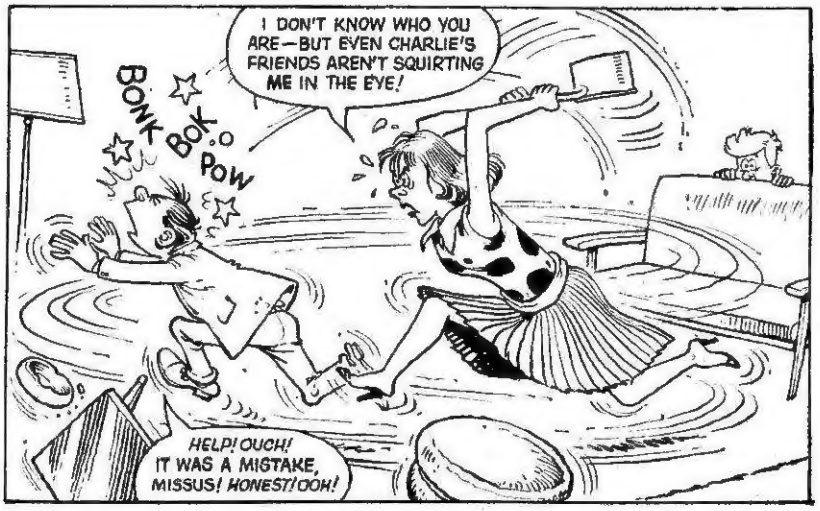

FOR BUMPS, BRUISES AND SORE PARTS, USE BAMMO!

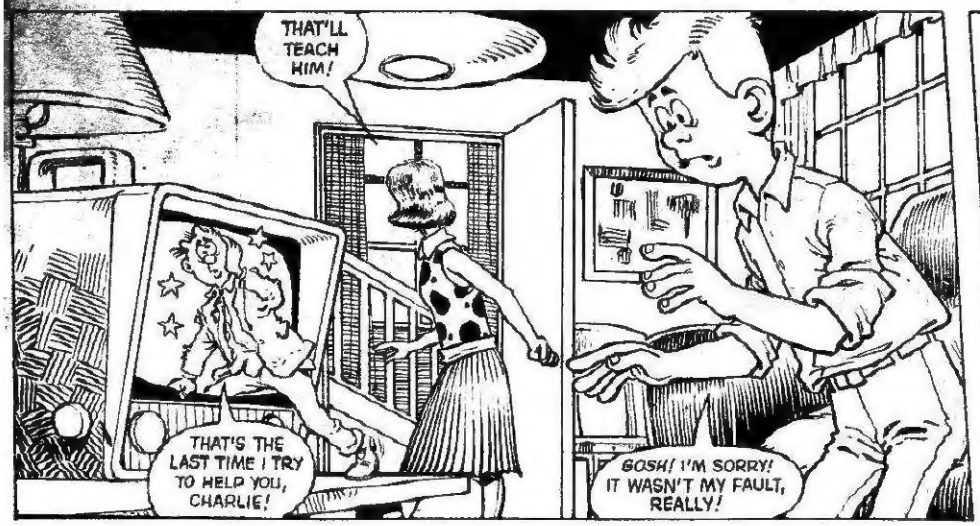
BY JOVE!

CHARLIE BOY! I HAVE HERE THE VERY STUFF TO EASE THE PAIN ON YOUR YOU-KNOW-WHAT!

OH—I SAY! I'M A JOLLY BAD SHOT!

OOOH!


I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE—BUT EVEN CHARLIE'S FRIENDS AREN'T SQUIRTING ME IN THE EYE!
BONK
BOK
POW
HELP! OUCH! IT WAS A MISTAKE, MISSUS! HONEST! OOH!


THAT'LL TEACH HIM!
THAT'S THE LAST TIME I TRY TO HELP YOU, CHARLIE!
GOSH! I'M SORRY! IT WASN'T MY FAULT, REALLY!

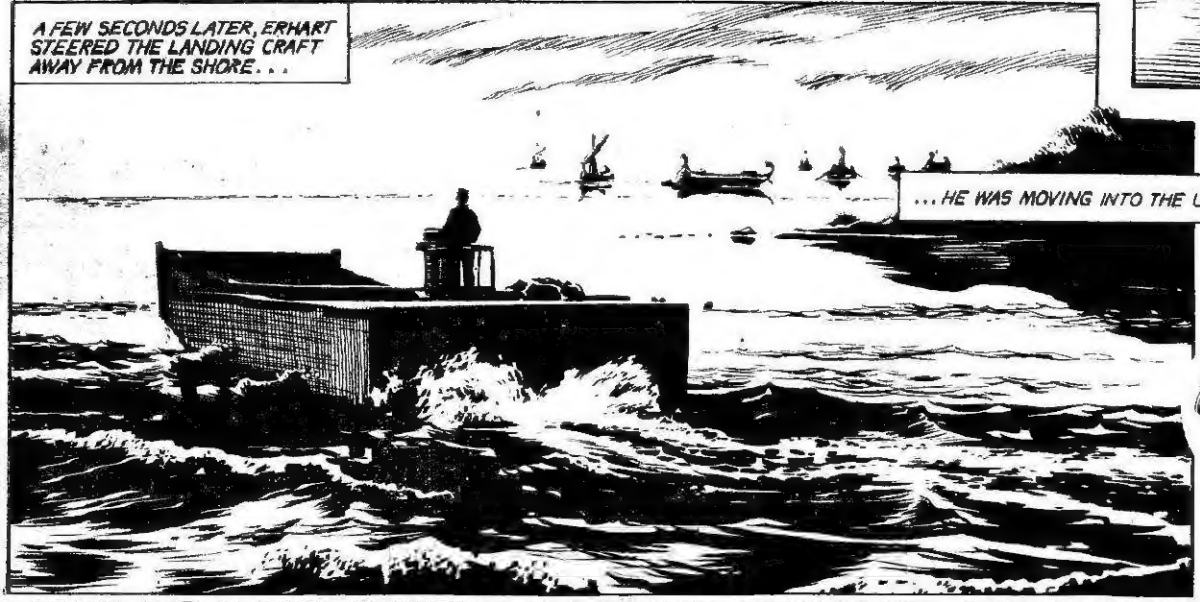
SO USE BAMMO FOR BUMPS AND BRUISES...
HE'LL NEED TO USE SOME ON HIMSELF, NOW, EH, READERS?

THE GHOST PATROL

Sergeant Joe and his patrol have been carried back to the year 1,000 B.C. by a time-machine. With a tank, Joe and two men are about to escape from the Trojans on the Greek island of Lemnos, when the rest of the patrol and a nazi prisoner, Erhart, arrive in a landing craft. Paddy fires shots to warn Joe of their arrival.

THROUGH THE CITY GATES!

FARTHER DOWN THE HILLSIDE, PADDY AND THE REST OF THE PATROL CHEERED AT THE AMAZING SPECTACLE!



HAND TO HAND BATTLE BETWEEN TROJANS AND GREEKS!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1966

AMMO.

HULLO THAIR, FOWKS – GLAD TAE SEE YOUS!

MY GREAT-UNCLE ANGUS FROM SCOTLAND HAS COME FOR A VISIT!

I'M HUNGRY AFTER MA JOURNEY – LET'S HAVE A WEE SNACK TO EAT, PENNY!

SMASHIN', UNCLE!

HERE – EAT ONE O' MA TASTY HAGGIS AN' PORRIDGE SANDWICHES!

GRAAGH! EAT IT? IT LOOKS LIKE IT COULD EAT ME!

TIME TO SWITCH THE TELLY ON!

DOAN'T BOTHER WI' THE TELLY, PENNY!

JAB!

SCOTTISH THISTLE →

OOOH-OOOH!

–AH'LL GI' YE A RECITAL ON MA BAGPIPES!

ER– GULP! NO! NO! TELL US ABOUT SCOTLAND INSTEAD!

AYE, IN SCOTLAND, WE'VE GOT MOONTAIN-CLIMBIN', CABER-TOSSIN', STAG-HUNTIN', THE LOCH NESS MONSTER, AN'...

THINKS...

BEN NEVIS

CABER

DONG!

LOCH NESS MONSTER

I MUST HAVE A GO AT STAG-HUNTIN'!

GARDEN SHED

HI, HAROLD – BE A DEAR AND...

... BE A DEER FOR ME!

ANTLERS!

SMASHIN'!

PING!

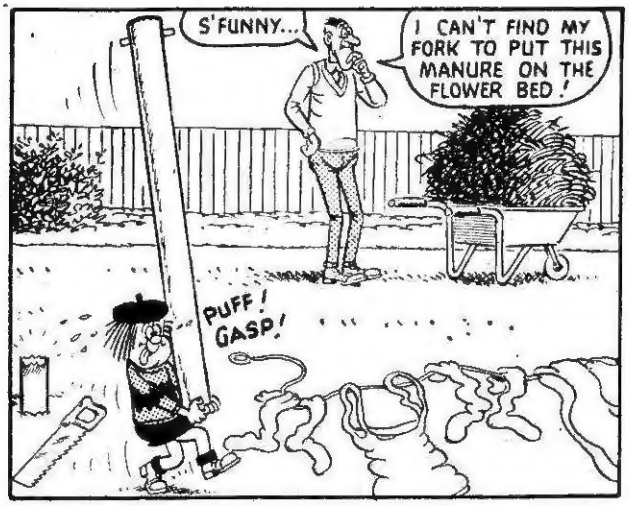
PING!

OW!

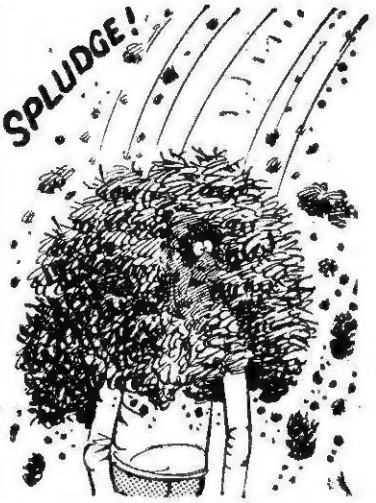
POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!

CORKS

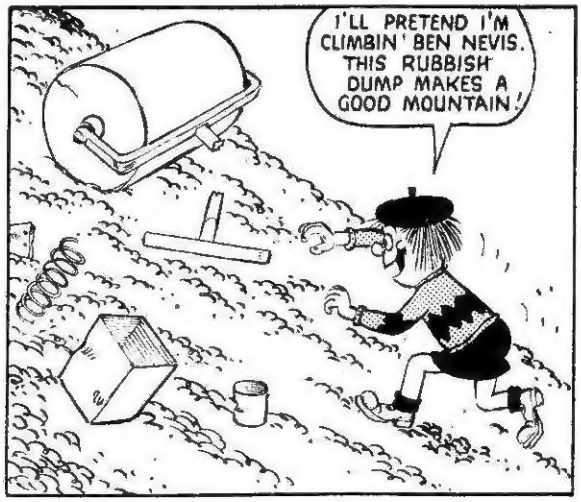
NOW FOR TOSSIN' THE CABER!

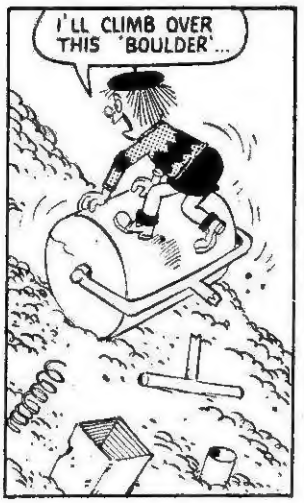

S'FUNNY...
I CAN'T FIND MY FORK TO PUT THIS MANURE ON THE FLOWER BED!
PUFF! GASP!

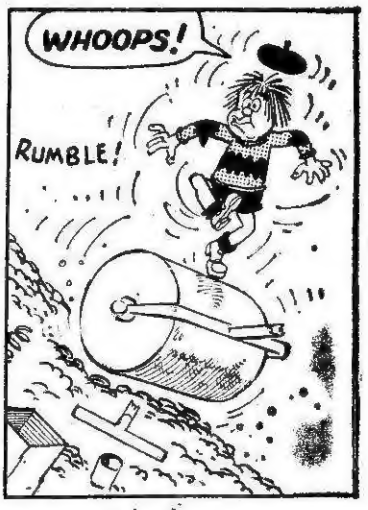
HEAVE!
BONK!

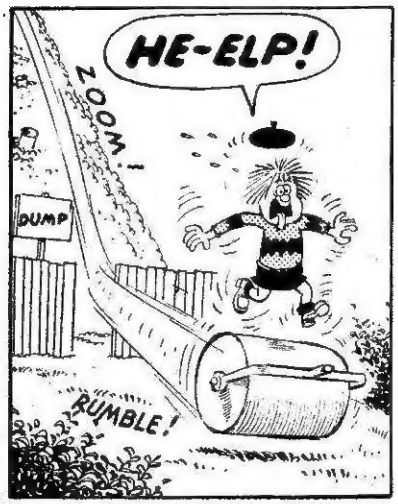

SPLUDGE!

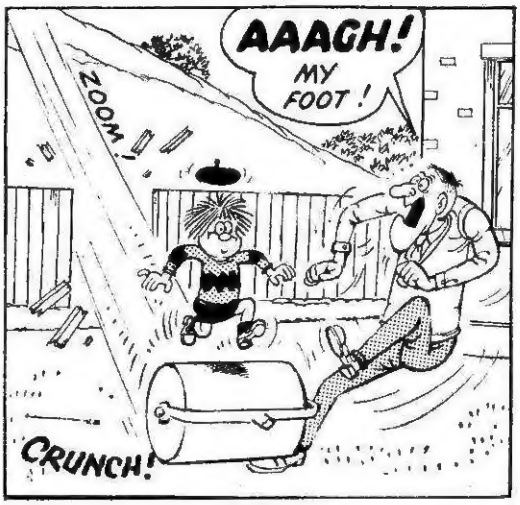
GURR! COME BACK HERE, PENNY!
NOT LIKELY! I'LL PRETEND I'M A SCOTTISH OUTLAW ESCAPIN' FROM THE ENGLISH REDCOATS!

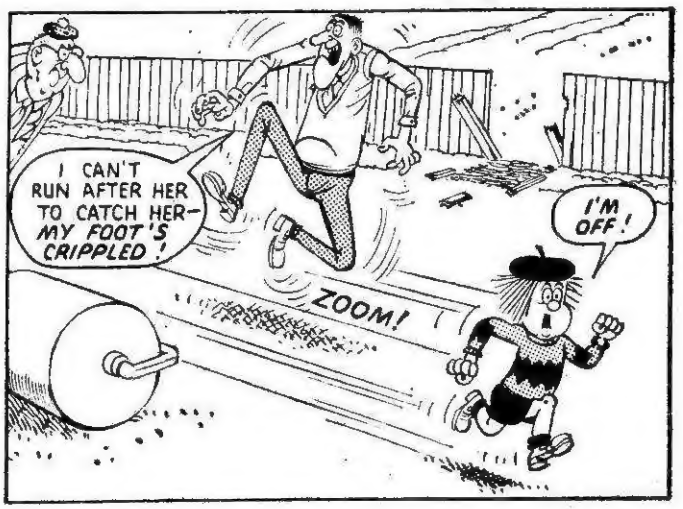

I'LL PRETEND I'M CLIMBIN' BEN NEVIS. THIS RUBBISH DUMP MAKES A GOOD MOUNTAIN!


I'LL CLIMB OVER THIS 'BOULDER'...


WHOOPS!
RUMBLE!

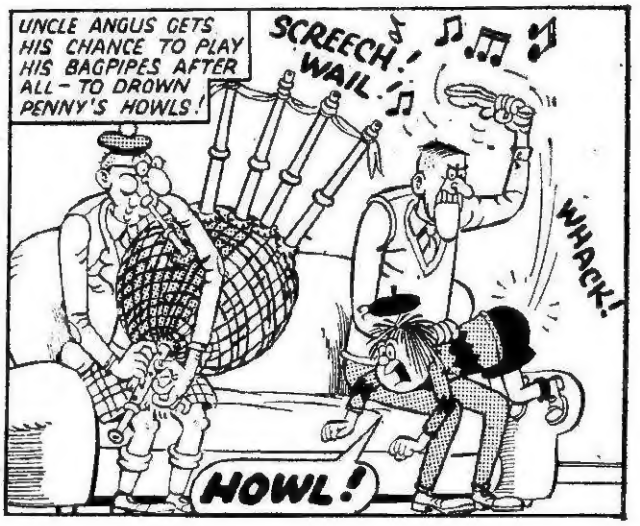

HE-ELP!
ZOOM!
DUMP
RUMBLE!


AAAGH! MY FOOT!
ZOOM!
CRUNCH!


I CAN'T RUN AFTER HER TO CATCH HER— MY FOOT'S CRIPPLED!
I'M OFF!
ZOOM!

AH'LL SHOW YE HOW WE DAE BOWLIN' IN SCOTLAND! AH'LL USE MA HAGGIS FOR A BOOL!
RUMBLE!

GOT HER!
EEK!
RUMBLE!
Leo Baxendale


UNCLE ANGUS GETS HIS CHANCE TO PLAY HIS BAGPIPES AFTER ALL – TO DROWN PENNY'S HOWLS!
SCREECH! WAIL!
WHACK!
HOWL!

Percy's Pets

AAH! JUST WHAT I NEED—A SIT-DOWN ON A NICE, SOFT CUSHION!

ERK!

HELP!

GERROFF, YOU FAT LUMP! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE SAT ON, EH? EH?

CLEVER POLLY! CLEVER POLLY!

PHEW! IT'S ONLY YOU, POLLY! WHAT A FRIGHT YOU GAVE ME!

OLD POLLY'S GIVEN ME AN IDEA FOR SOME FUN!

I THINK I'LL HAVE A NICE CUP OF STRONG TEA!

YOU'VE HAD IT, MATE I'M NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO CLIMB UP THE SPOUT— I'M WEAK AS DISHWATER!

?

YOOHOO!

GRRR! IT'S THAT TATTY BIRD OF YOURS, PERCY!

CLEVER, ISN'T SHE, DAD?

HUH! I DON'T THINK SHE'S CLEVER — JUST A BLINKING NUISANCE!

NO! NO! MERCY, KIND SIR! DON'T BURN ME! I'M TOO YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL TO DIE!

COOEEE! IT'S ME AGAIN!

GRRR! THAT BIRD! GRRR! I'LL-I'LL...

GO — AND NEVER LET ME SEE THAT BIRD AGAIN!

GRRR! HE'S GOT AWAY AGAIN! THAT DRAINPIPE WOULDN'T BEAR MY WEIGHT!

LEAVE IT TO POLLY, OFFICER!

? ?

STICK 'EM UP!

COME ON— GET YOUR HANDS UP!

DON'T SH-SHOOT!

AAAAAGH!

CLOTT! HE TOOK HIS HANDS OFF THE PIPE!

WELCOME BACK, ALFIE!

DAD DOESN'T MIND POLLY STAYING NOW! LOOK WHAT WE BOUGHT HIM WITH THE REWARD MONEY!

STICK 'EM UP! STICK 'EM UP!

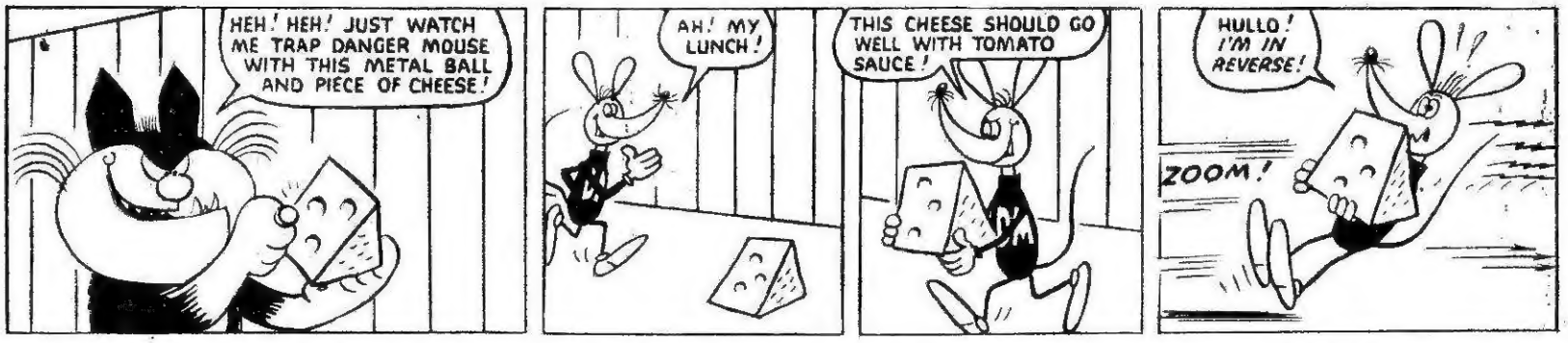
SMASH

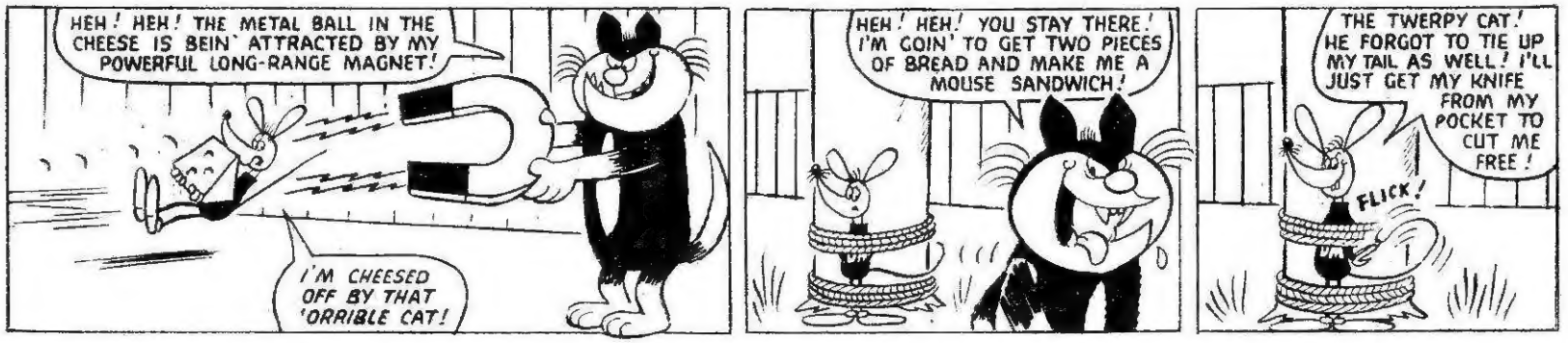
CHOCS CHOCS CHOCS

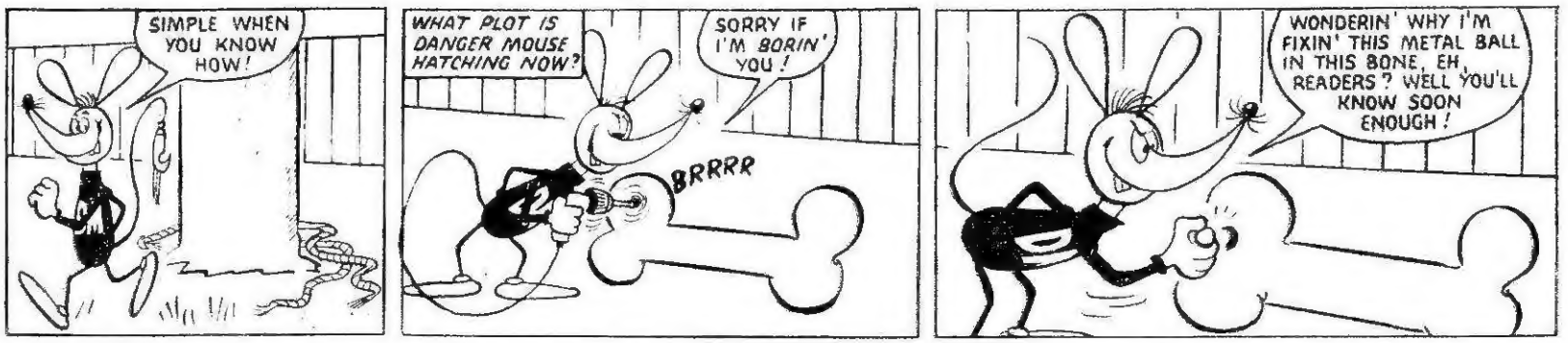
BACCY

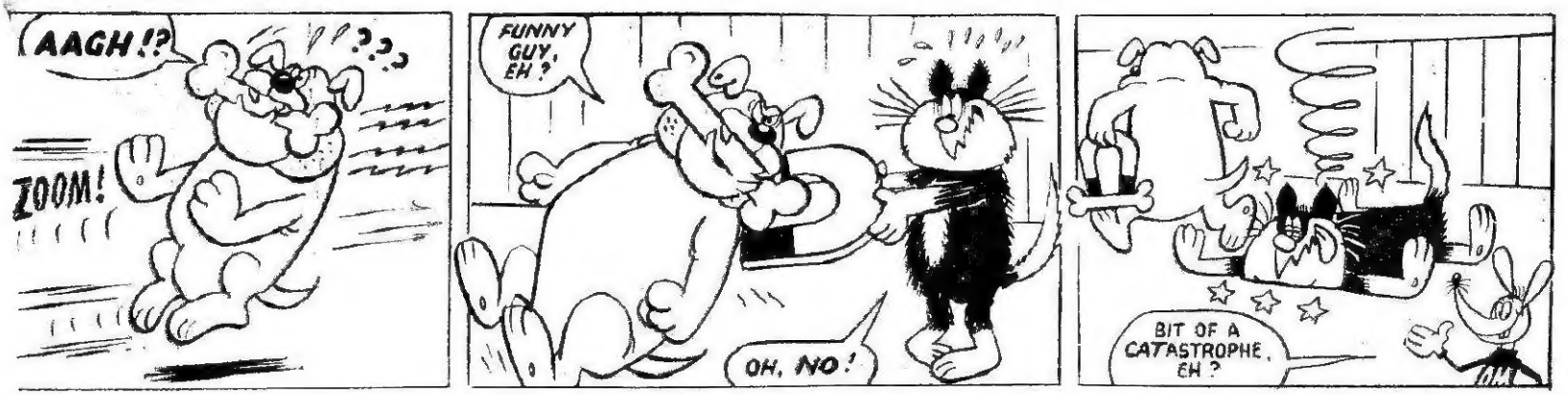
DANGER MOUSE

SECRET AGENT

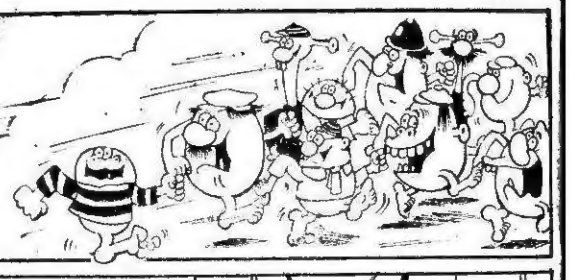




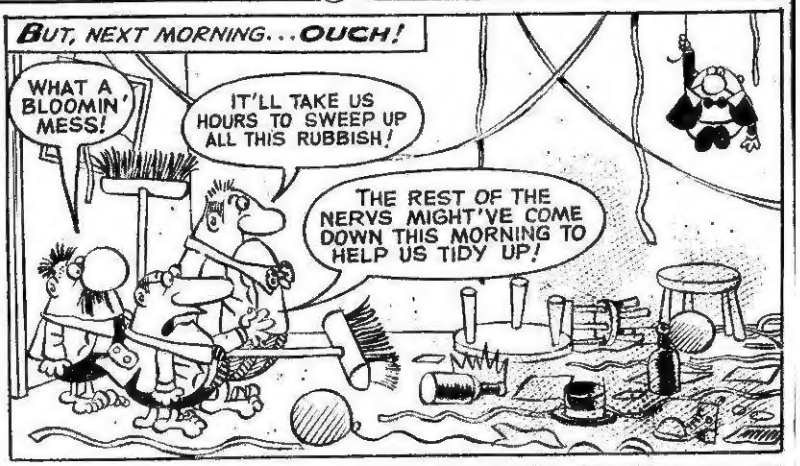


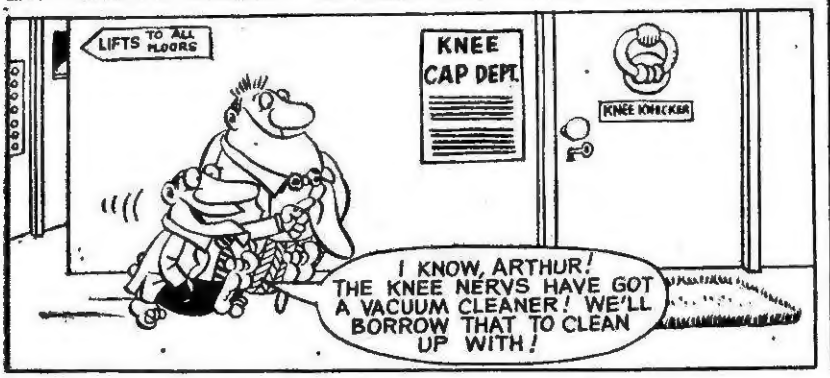


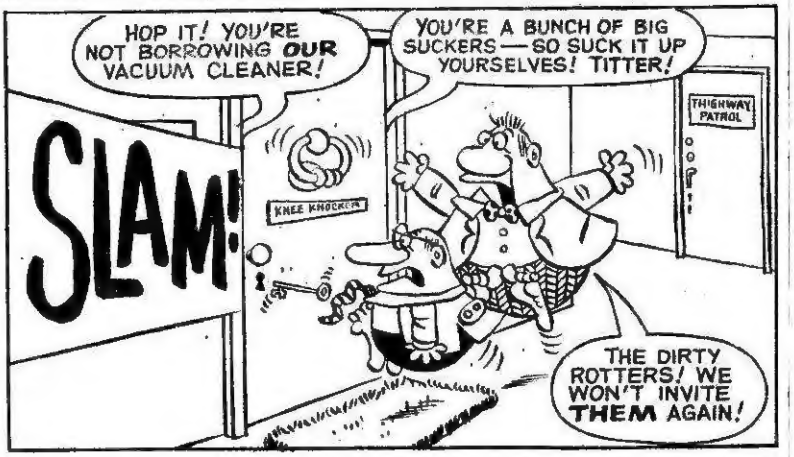
THE NERVS

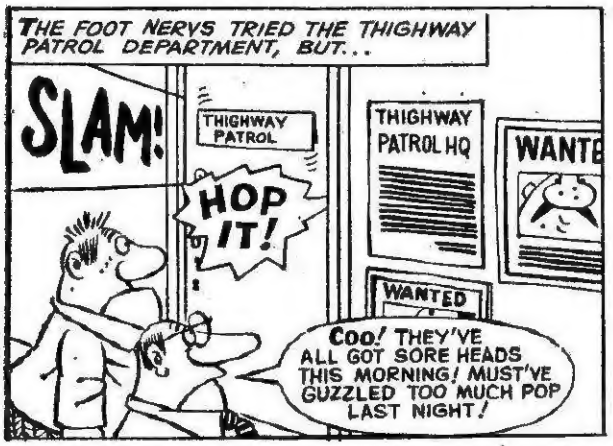


IT'S THE ANNUAL FOOT BALL DOWN IN FATTY'S FAT FOOT, AND ALL THE NERVS ARE HAVING A BALL!
MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE?
CERTAINLY— IT'S ALL YOURS!
NICE OF THE FOOT NERVS TO INVITE US DOWN!
YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!

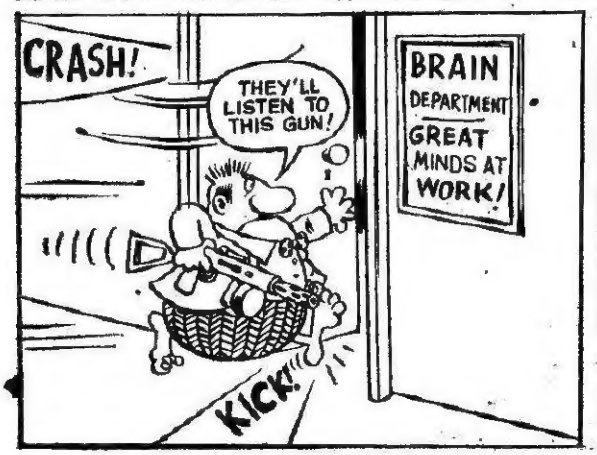

BUT, NEXT MORNING...OUCH!
WHAT A BLOOMIN' MESS!
IT'LL TAKE US HOURS TO SWEEP UP ALL THIS RUBBISH!
THE REST OF THE NERVS MIGHT'VE COME DOWN THIS MORNING TO HELP US TIDY UP!

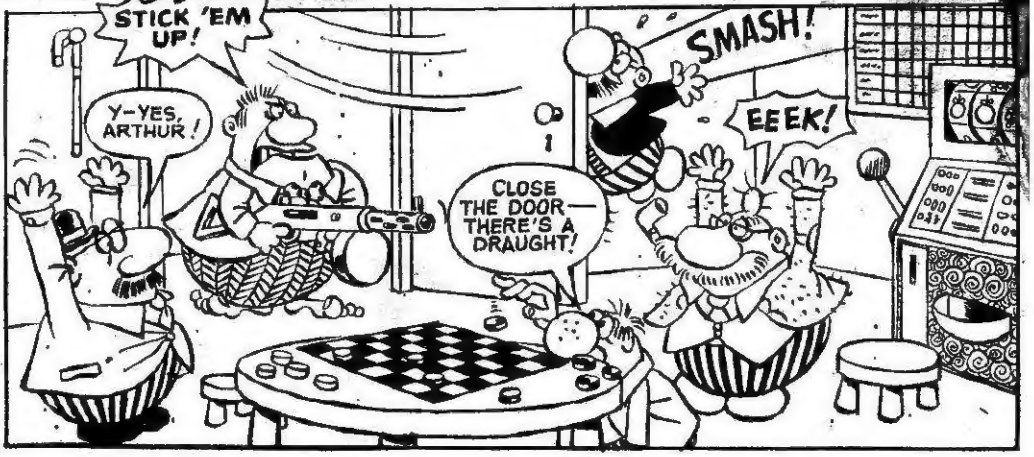

LIFTS TO ALL FLOORS
KNEE CAP DEPT.
KNEE KNOCKER
I KNOW, ARTHUR! THE KNEE NERVS HAVE GOT A VACUUM CLEANER! WE'LL BORROW THAT TO CLEAN UP WITH!


HOP IT! YOU'RE NOT BORROWING OUR VACUUM CLEANER!
YOU'RE A BUNCH OF BIG SUCKERS—SO SUCK IT UP YOURSELVES! TITTER!
SLAM!
KNEE KNOCKER
THIGHWAY PATROL
THE DIRTY ROTTERS! WE WON'T INVITE THEM AGAIN!

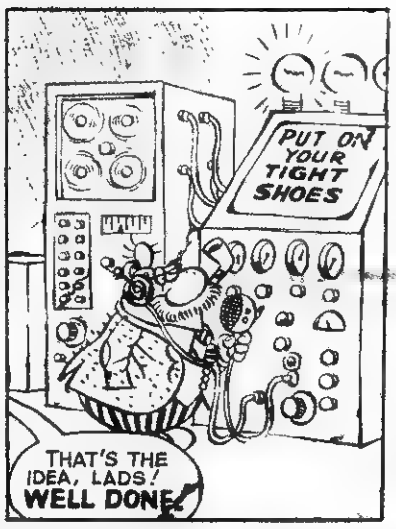

THE FOOT NERVS TRIED THE THIGHWAY PATROL DEPARTMENT, BUT...
SLAM!
THIGHWAY PATROL
HOP IT!
THIGHWAY PATROL HQ
WANTED
Coo! THEY'VE ALL GOT SORE HEADS THIS MORNING! MUST'VE GUZZLED TOO MUCH POP LAST NIGHT!

LEAVE IT TO ME, FRED! I KNOW HOW WE'LL GET RID OF ALL OUR LITTER!


CRASH!
THEY'LL LISTEN TO THIS GUN!
BRAIN DEPARTMENT
GREAT MINDS AT WORK!
KICK!


STICK 'EM UP!
Y-YES, ARTHUR!
SMASH!
EEEK!
CLOSE THE DOOR— THERE'S A DRAUGHT!

SEND A MESSAGE TO FATTY TO PUT ON HIS TIGHT SHOES — AT THE DOUBLE!


PUT ON YOUR TIGHT SHOES
THAT'S THE IDEA, LADS! WELL DONE!

I THINK I'LL PUT ON MY TIGHT SHOES AND GO FOR A WALK!

OOH! OOH! OOH! THEY ARE TIGHT!

OOH! OOH! WHAT MADE ME PUT THESE BLOOMING SHOES ON? THEY'RE KILLING ME! OOH! OOH! OOH!

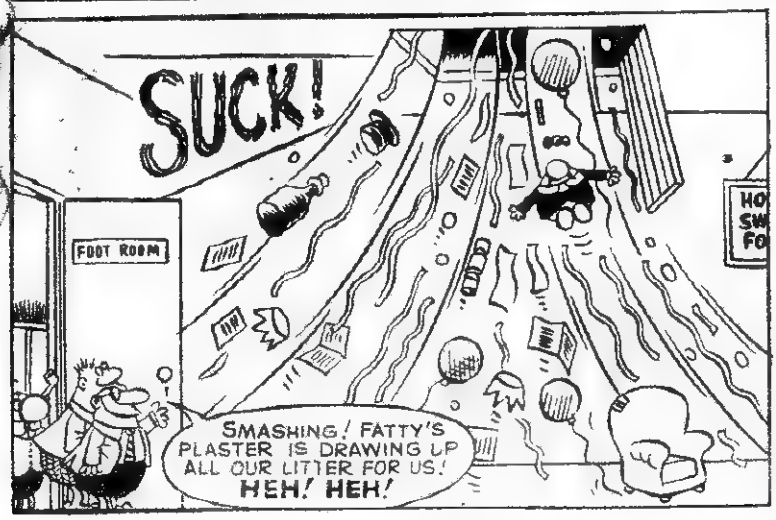
TWO HOURS LATER— FATTY GETS HOME...
GOSH! WHAT A RELIEF TO GET THEM OFF... AAAH!

GOSH! LOOK AT THAT BIG SORE MY TIGHT SHOES HAVE MADE ON MY FOOT! BET THE OTHER ONE'S AS BAD, TOO!

THE FOOT NERVS WERE WAITING INSIDE FATTY'S FOOT...
ANY MOMENT NOW, READERS!

THERE—THAT SHOULD HELP! A PLASTER TO DRAW ALL THE DIRT AND STUFF FROM THAT SORE!

OPEN UP THE BOTTOM OF THE SORE, NERVS.
HEH-HEH! IT WORKED!


SUCK!
FOOT ROOM
SMASHING! FATTY'S PLASTER IS DRAWING UP ALL OUR LITTER FOR US! HEH! HEH!

RECKON WE SHOULD TAKE OVER THE BRAIN NERVS' JOBS!
YEAH—ALL FATTY'S BRAINS ARE IN HIS FEET!
HOME SWEET FOOT!

SPACE Jinx

AFTER LANDING ON A PLANET OF GIANTS, JINX UPSETS ONE AND THE GIANT THROWS THE ROCKET AT THE CREW...!

HELP! THAT ROTTEN GIANT IS USING OUR SPACE-SHIP FOR DARTS' PRACTICE, AN' THE CREW FOR A TARGET!

DUCK, MEN! DUCK!

IT'S ALL THAT JINX'S FAULT—MAKING THE GIANT ANGRY! NOW WE'LL NEVER ESCAPE!

OUR SHIP'S WRECKED!

HEY! YOU CAN BLAME ME—I...I... HELP! I'M SLIPPING!

WHAM!

M...MY ARMS! THEY'RE GROWING ALL LONG! WHAT'S HAPPENING...?

STRETCH-

IT'S THAT TOP-SECRET SPACE-SUIT WE PUT HIM IN. HE MUST'VE FALLEN ON A CONTROL BUTTON!

THERE MUST BE A M[illegible] POWERFUL LITTLE MO[illegible] IN THIS SUIT—I PULLE[illegible] OUT OF THIS MOUNTAI[illegible] ALL ON MY OWN!

GOOD OLD [illegible]NX!

CHEERS!

TRAMP - TRAMP! TRAMP!

OOER! TRAMP!

WHA[illegible]

[illegible] IT'S GIANT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY MUCKING UP MY DARTS' PRACTICE? I'VE A GOOD MIND TO—

IT WASN'T US, SIR—IT WAS HIS FAULT, SIR! THAT JINX—THE ONE IN THE FUNNY SUIT!

HEY! YOU ROTTEN TRAITORS! WHY DO YOU ALWAYS BLAME ME?

QUICK! BACK TO THE SHIP!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

HEY! WAIT FOR ME! COME BACK!

[illegible]SH!

I'LL SEE IF THE SUIT CAN HELP ME—I'LL JUST PRESS THIS BUTTON, AND—

WOW! IT WORKS!

CHEERIO, GIANT!

HEY! YOU LOT! OPEN THE DOOR—I'M COMING IN!

SKIPP[illegible] SIR—THE[illegible] SOMET[illegible] CHASI[illegible] [illegible]ST! [illegible] THINK IT'S [illegible]NX!

MORE LAUGHS IN SPACE NEXT WEEK!

BRIAN'S BRAIN

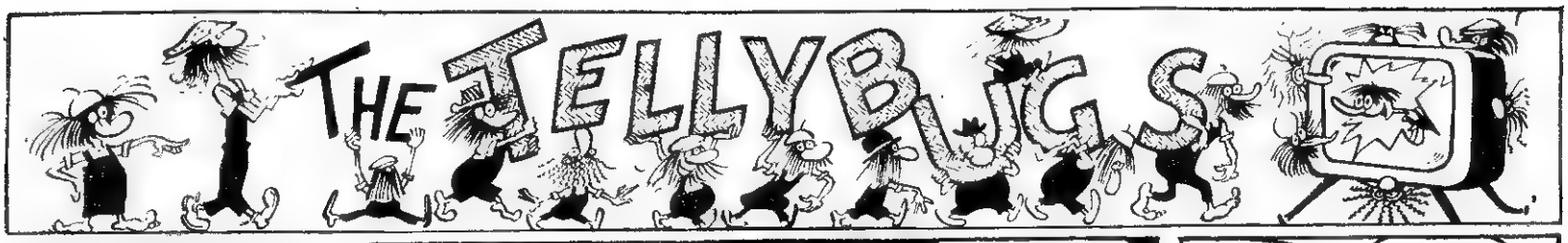
NEXT WEEK: THE PERIL THAT HOWLS IN THE NIGHT!

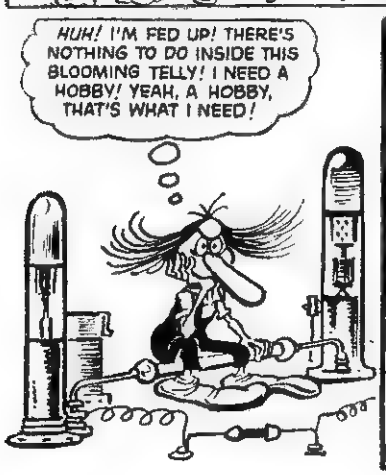
QUEEN OF THE

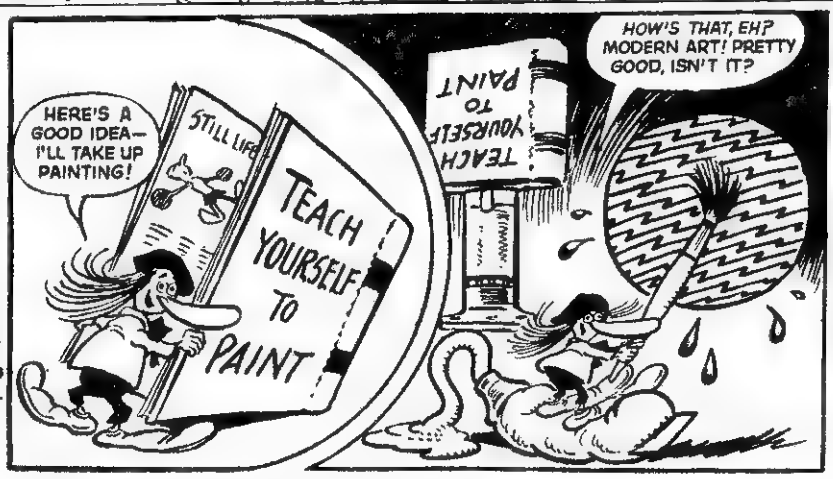
WHIR-R-R
WITH HER CAPTAIN WHIZZING ON THE 'KIPPER-CURER', AND HER HALF-DROWNED BOSUN LOOPING-THE-LOOP ON THE HERRING-SCOOP, 'QUEENIE' HAS TAKEN TO THE SKIES...
... AND BELOW, THE TREACLE-TANKER, S.S. 'GOOEY-GUTS', IS PLOUGHING HER WAY WITH 500,000 GLUGGING GALLONS OF BLACK TREACLE ABOARD...
GLUG
HER CAPTAIN, CUTHBERT CLAGG, AND HER FIRST-MATE, GABRIEL GLUGG, ARE MERCIFULLY UNAWARE OF THE DANGER ABOVE...
WELL, NUMBER ONE, HERE'S TO A GOOD TIME AT OUR NEXT PORT-O-CALL, SANTA-SPREE!
HO-HO! YOU BET, SKIPPER!
BUT THE SHIP'S DOCTOR, PERCY PILL, DOESN'T SHARE THEIR ENTHUSIASM...
ALL THESE PONGING LITTLE PORTS THEY KEEP STOPPING AT! SOMEBODY'S BOUND TO PICK UP SOME DREAD TROPICAL DISEASE, A-AN' PASS IT ON TO ME WHILE I'M TREATING 'EM!
SHIPS DOCTOR
BITE-BITE!
AW! QUIT WORRYIN', DOC!
YOUR FIRST CASE'LL PROBABLY BE NOTHING WORSE THAN A MILD DOSE O' MEASLES!
MEASLES? ERK! NEVER HAD 'EM AS A LAD' AT MY AGE, THEY CAN BE FATAL!
BUT A FAR GHASTLIER 'AFFLICTION' THAN MEASLES IS ON ITS WAY DOWN..
WHIR-R-R!
CHUFF-CHUFF
COR! WHAT'S THAT?
IT LOOKS LIKE A FLYIN' CANAL-BARGE TOWIN' A TUB!
THEN SUDDENLY, JUST AS THE FLYING-FANTASY SOARS DIRECTLY OVERHEAD...
WHIR-R-!-BOYLK!
PHUT!
ERK! WE'VE RUN OUT O' STEAM!
I-ITS PERISHIN' ENGINE'S CUT OUT - LIKE ONE OF THEM JERRY 'BUZZ-BOMBS', JUST BEFORE THEY HURTLED DOWN ON LONDON IN THE WAR!
AND LIKE A JERRY-BUILT 'BUZZ-BOMB' HURTLING DOWN ON LONDON, THE JERRY-BUILT 'QUEENIE' HURTLES DOWN INTO 500,000 GLUGGING GALLONS OF GOOEY BLACK TREACLE!
GASP!
AGH! GLOLP!
SPLUTCH
ERK!
THE SURVIVORS OF THE 'TACKY-ATTACK' PUSH OUT A PLANK TO 'QUEENIE'...
GLUGGLE-GLOYLP! UGGLE-GLAR-RG!
COME ON, MATEY! STEADY AS YER GO!
WOBBLE
SQUELCH
-AND INTO THEIR MIDST STUMBLES BERTRAM BLOOP - WITH THE 'KIPPERED' REMAINS OF HIS SKIPPER, ENOCH DRIP!
WELL! DON'T JUST STAND THERE GLUGGIN'! MY SKIPPER'S BEEN KIPPERED! DO SOMETHING!
GL'-A-ARGLE!
CRACKLE
W-WOT-IS-IT?

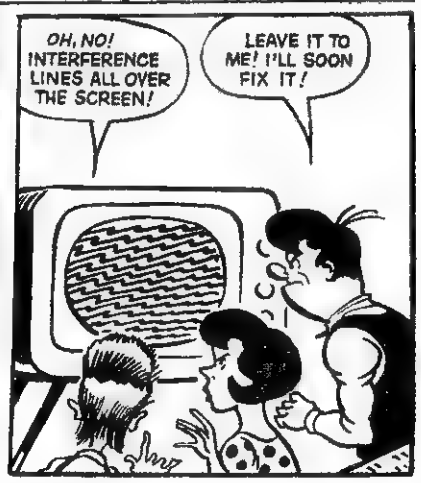
SEAS

WITH ONE ACCORD, THE CREW OF THE TREACLE-TANKER RUSH UP THE MAST AND CLING THERE, IN A GOOEY MASS!
IT WASN'T 'UMAN!
IT WAS A DEFORMED DAB...!
...A FREAK FLUKE!
ERK! WHAT'LL I DO NOW? HERE'S ME – ALL SOPPY-AN'-SHRUNK THROUGH BEIN' DUCKED – AN MY SKIPPER ALL FLAT-AN'-YELLOW THROUGH BEIN' CURED LIKE A KIPPER!
CRUNCH
CRACKLE
I'D BETTER FIND THE SHIP'S DOC!
POOR DOC – HE'S STILL BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF WHAT IS COMING!
OKAY! FORGET MEASLES, DOC! LET'S SAY – ER – CHAPPED, 'ANDS!
HORRORS! THAT'S A SKIN COMPLAINT!
P PILL MP
"BUBONIC PLAGUE"
SKIN DISORDERS RUN IN MY FLIPPIN' FAMILY! (GULP) ME GRAND-DAD BROKE OUT IN BRIGHT PURPLE BLOTCHES, THROUGH SKINNIN' A RABBIT – AN' SNUFFED IT IN SIX SECONDS!
GASP! PUFF! SQUELCH!
LET MY FIRST CASE BE ANYTHIN' BUT SKIN –!
?
DOC! (GURGLE) QUICK!
LOOK WHAT'S 'APPENED TO ME SKIPPER!
AGH-H! IT'S YUCATAN YELLOW BLIGHT! KEEP 'IM AWAY FROM ME!
I CAN'T HELP HIM! HE'S HAD IT!
– IN 'ALF-AN-HOUR HE'LL CHANGE FROM YELLOW TO GREEN – AN DIE LAUGHIN'!
LEMME OUT! AAGH! LOOK AT THAT LOT UP THERE!
I KNEW IT!
'ELP!
SAVE US!
I WARNED YOU!
ALL THEM PONGING PORTS!
NOW THEY'LL EXPECT ME TO STICK BY THEM, ON THIS FLOATING COFFIN AND SAVE THEIR ROTTEN SKINS!
– BUT NOT PERISHIN' LIKELY!
I AIN'T NO FLORENCE-FLIPPIN' NIGHTINGALE!
I'M GOIN' BACK TO PUDSEY CLINIC WHERE I PRACTISED BEFORE I WENT POTTY AN' PUT TO SEA!
WHEE-E-E-E
PLOP!
IS THIS RIGHT FOR PUDSEY? (GLARG!)
MEANWHILE, BACK ABOARD THE 'FLOATIN' COFFIN'...
CAP'N' OL' PAL! – SPEAK TO ME! ERK! HE LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S TURNIN' A GREENY SHADE ALREADY! LISTEN, PAL – IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO MAKE YOU WANT TO GO INTO PEALS OF WILD LAUGHTER, THINK OF SOMETHING 'ORRIBLE, QUICK...
CRACKLE
SNAP
POP!
...CAUSE ONCE YOU START LARFIN', MATE, YOU'VE HAD IT!
WARNING:- DON'T READ THIS PAGE NEXT WEEK, SHIPMATES – UNLESS YOU GO INTO PEALS OF WILD LAUGHTER! MAYBE YOU DON'T CARE – BUT THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL...


THE TELLYBUGS


HUH! I'M FED UP! THERE'S NOTHING TO DO INSIDE THIS BLOOMING TELLY! I NEED A HOBBY! YEAH, A HOBBY, THAT'S WHAT I NEED!

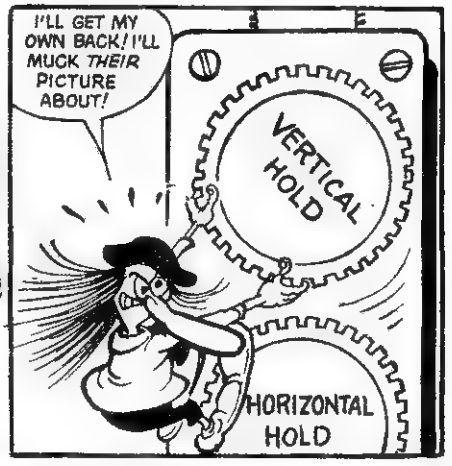

HERE'S A GOOD IDEA— I'LL TAKE UP PAINTING!
STILL LIFE
TEACH YOURSELF TO PAINT
HOW'S THAT, EH? MODERN ART! PRETTY GOOD, ISN'T IT?
TEACH YOURSELF TO PAINT

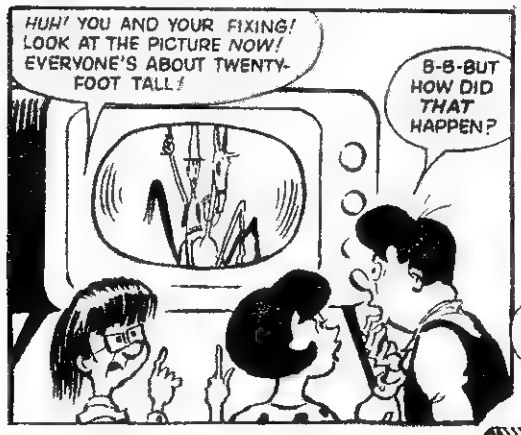

OH, NO! INTERFERENCE LINES ALL OVER THE SCREEN!
LEAVE IT TO ME! I'LL SOON FIX IT!

THERE'S NOTHING TO IT! YOU JUST TWIDDLE THIS KNOB—
TWIDDLE!

SEE—NO INTERFERENCE NOW! A PERFECT PICTURE!

AAGH! THE INTERFERING ROTTER! HE'S RUBBED OUT MY PAINTING! ROTTER! ROTTER! ROTTER!


I'LL GET MY OWN BACK! I'LL MUCK THEIR PICTURE ABOUT!
VERTICAL HOLD
HORIZONTAL HOLD

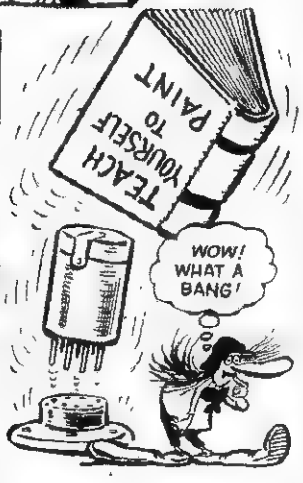

HUH! YOU AND YOUR FIXING! LOOK AT THE PICTURE NOW! EVERYONE'S ABOUT TWENTY-FOOT TALL!
B-B-BUT HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?

HORIZONTAL HOLD
NOW FOR SOME MORE FUN!

HELP! LOOK AT IT NOW! THE FIGURES ARE ALL SQUASHED!
HUH! WE SHOULD'VE GOT SOMEBODY WHO KNEW WHAT THEY WERE DOING TO FIX THE TELLY— NOT YOU!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIX THAT TELLY! WORKS EVERY TIME—

THUMP!
—GIVE IT A GOOD THUMP!


TEACH YOURSELF TO PAINT
WOW! WHAT A BANG!

GOSH! MUM'S THUMP HAS DISLODGED THE BOOK AND IT'S CLOBBERED THE TELEBUG!
AAGH!
TEACH YOURSELF TO PAINT

SEE THAT? NO MORE INTERFERENCE NOW! LEAVE IT TO AN EXPERT, THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAY!

INSIDE THE SET...
TEACH YOURSELF TO PAINT
YEAH! AND IT LOOKS LIKE OUR TELEBUG WON'T BE DOING ANY MORE INTERFERING FOR SOME TIME!

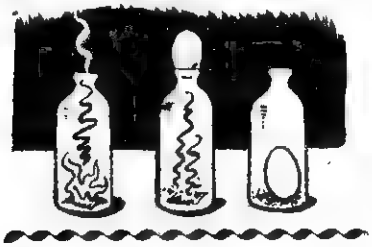
MEET...

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

EGG IN BOTTLE

You'll need a hard-boiled egg for this trick—minus the shell, of course. But people will think you're crazy when you tell them that you are going to get it into a bottle.
Here's how it's done . . . Take a small piece of lighted paper and (being very careful) drop it into the bottle. Now, while it's still burning, place your egg on the bottle's neck.
Believe it or not, the egg will be drawn down into the bottle whole!



Your mates can try for hours to balance a postage stamp on its edge without bending it—they'll never do it!
But you can do it in a jiffy.
Just rub a ball-point or fountain pen briskly on your coat sleeve.
Now hold it about ½" above the stamp, and it stays upright!

* * * * *

Here's a surprise trick—and I'm not going to tell you what'll happen when you've done it.
Half-twist a strip of paper and glue the ends so that A falls on D and B on C.
Now take a pair of scissors and cut the strip *right* down through the middle. The result will be something you don't expect! Want another surprise? All right, then, repeat the cut on the same strip of paper.

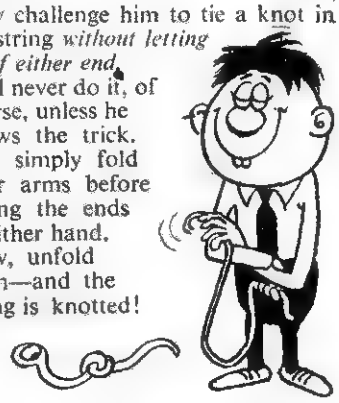
CUT THROUGH THE CENTRE AS SHOWN BY DOT-LINE.

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

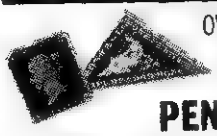
As the rhino charges, the agent leaps aside at the last moment, so that the beast's horn is stuck firmly in the tree trunk.
By this time, the natives are nearly on him. But as they pass beneath the hornet's nest, he throws his sun-helmet at the nest, which falls on the leading attackers. The furious hornets swarm out on to the natives, and our agent makes off to safety in the chaos that follows.

KNOTTY PROBLEM

Give your mate a length of string and ask him to take one end in each hand.
Now challenge him to tie a knot in the string *without letting go of either end.*
He'll never do it, of course, unless he knows the trick. You simply fold your arms before taking the ends in either hand. Now, unfold them—and the string is knotted!



ALL FREE



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IT'S COMING... IT'S COMING... IT'S COMING...

IT'S COMING...

IT'S COMING...

IT'S THE BIG NEW SMASH!

Yes—SMASH will be bigger and greater than ever! Look out for some exciting news in next week's issue!

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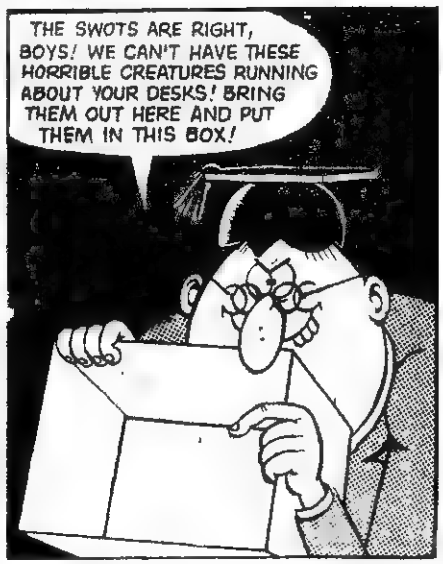
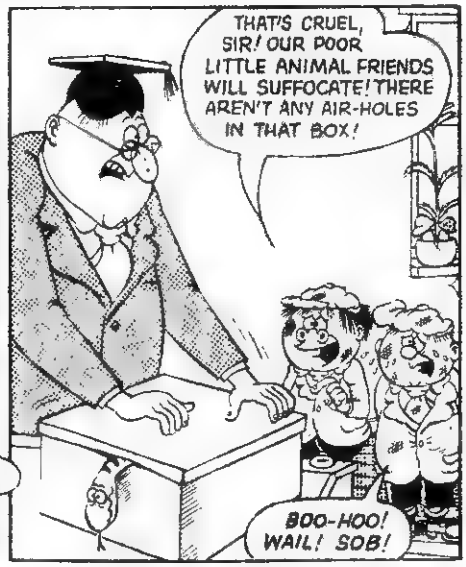
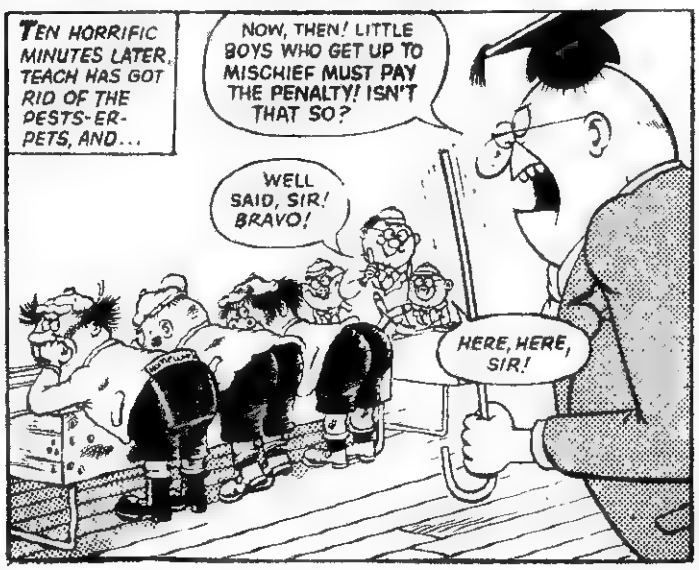
The SWOTS and the BLOTS







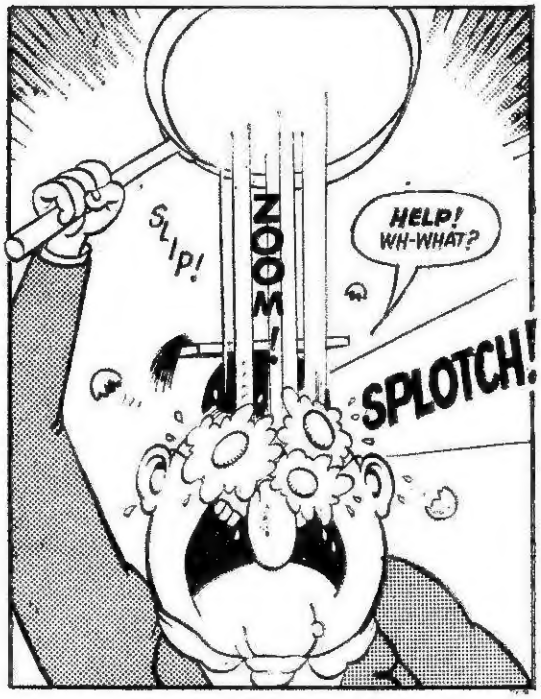
HICK! BURP!
ME BEAUTIFUL CANE! ONE OF THEIR PERISHING WOODWORMS HAS EATEN IT!

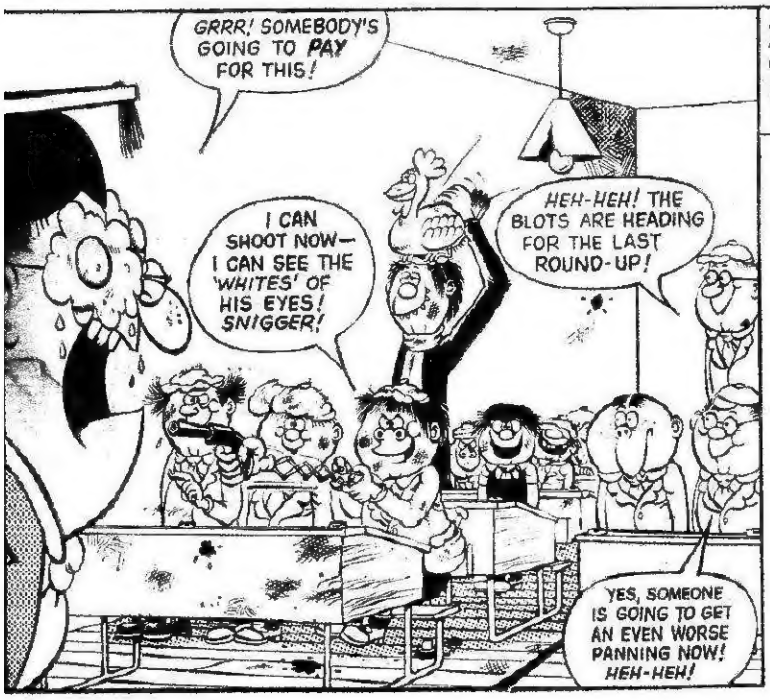
THOSE BLOTS WON'T STOP ME! THEY CAN'T GET CANED NOW—BUT THEY CAN GET PANNED! HEH-HEH!
BRAVO, SIR! BRAVO!
HE'LL FRY US ALIVE!
MUNCH! CHOMP!

THANK YOU FOR THOSE KIND WORDS, CEDRIC!
ATTAGIRL, CLARA! THREE SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
LITTLE LION

YOU SWOTS REALLY MAKE ME FEEL APPRECIATED!
CLUCK! CLUCK!
TUM-TI-TUM!

NOW THEN, SHALL WE COMMENCE WITH THE PANNING?
HEH-HEH!


SLIP!
MOON
HELP! WH-WHAT?
SPLOTCH!

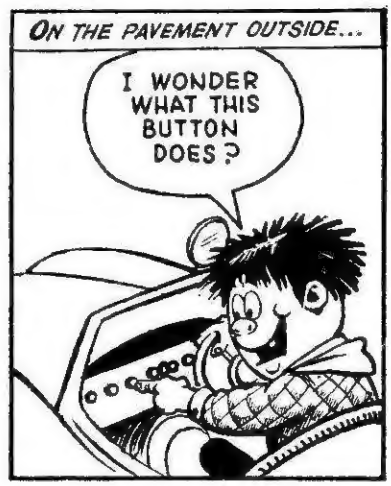

GRRR! SOMEBODY'S GOING TO PAY FOR THIS!
I CAN SHOOT NOW—I CAN SEE THE 'WHITES' OF HIS EYES! SNIGGER!
HEH-HEH! THE BLOTS ARE HEADING FOR THE LAST ROUND-UP!
YES, SOMEONE IS GOING TO GET AN EVEN WORSE PANNING NOW! HEH-HEH!

EGGSACTLY! THE SWOT IS RIGHT—BUT NEVER COUNT YOUR CHICKENS TILL THEY'RE WHACKED!
GRRR! IT'S ALL YOU SWOTS' FAULT! IF YOU HADN'T COMPLAINED ABOUT THEIR PETS, THEY WOULDN'T HAVE GOT NEAR ME!
CRACK!
WOOOOOM!
WHACK!
WHACK!
COO! THAT'S THE LOVELIEST SIGHT I'VE SEEN FOR YEARS!
THAT'LL TEACH THE SNEAKIN' ROTTERS!

RONNIE RICH

WOW! THE VERY THING! IF I BUY THAT GOLD-PLATED CAR, I'LL BE BROKE — AND THEN I CAN INHERIT GRANNIE'S MILLION POUNDS!
JAMES BOND PEDAL CAR-ONLY £2000
£2000

AND SO...
IT'S THE LATEST AND THE GREATEST, SIR!
IT'S GOT ALL THE JAMES BOND GADGETS — I'LL BUY IT!


ON THE PAVEMENT OUTSIDE...
I WONDER WHAT THIS BUTTON DOES?

OH, GOSH! IT'S THE SMOKE-SCREEN BUTTON AND I'VE GOT SOME POOR BLOKE WITH IT! I WONDER WHO IT IS?
AAAGH!

HELP! IT'S CONSTABLE CAPP!
E'RRRR!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT, RONNIE RICH! YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO SMOKE!
G-GULP! I'D BETTER TRY ANOTHER BUTTON!

COO! THIS BUTTON SQUIRTS OUT OIL!

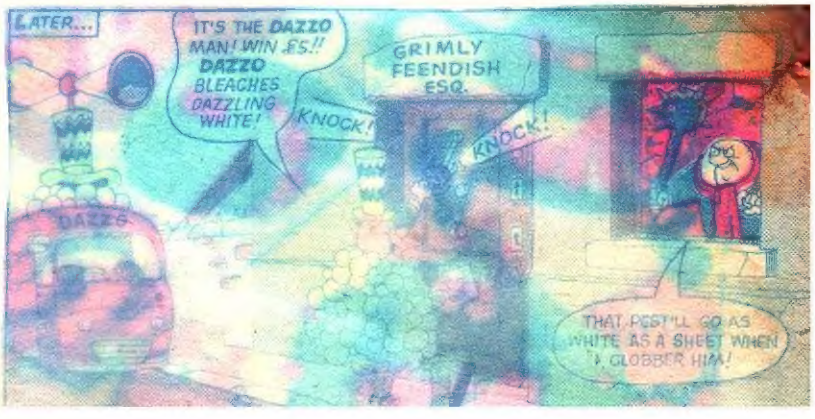
HELP! WH-WHAT HAPPENED? HELP!
HO, HO! P.C. CAPP'S BIKE'S SKIDDED ON THE OIL!

OH, NO! LOOK OUT, RONNIE—YOU'VE PRESSED ANOTHER BUTTON!
PUSH!

HELP! HOW DID THAT HAPPEN? THE LASSO BUTTON!

WHOOPS — I'VE COPPED CONSTABLE CAPP!
AIEE! I'M AIRBORNE!

SPEND! SPEND! SPEND! THAT'S RONNIE RICH IN NEXT WEEK'S SMASH!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD